

FREEDOM FROM SIN.

Dr. Talmage Depicts Struggle of Man Who Desires Liberation.

Takes Text from Proverbs and Shows the Good Angel and the Bad Angel Striving for Victory Over the Soul.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs 23:33: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Washing for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by an unreluctant appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He in the spirit of bravado, said: "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago, and you are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your soul to listen to a discussion like this. Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the gospel to my lips and blow one long, loud blast, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come, and let him come now." The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of Heaven fall into line of bannered procession over your redemption.

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse I said: "O Lord, give me one soul to-night!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man saying: "This is the young man you prayed for." But I see now it was too limited a prayer.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God Thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck in your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing is the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I cannot believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication, who knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property and ruining him—body, mind and soul. If that man, an intelligent man and loving his family, could give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves that it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclination in our heart and so our bad habits are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our back to the rapids.

you above Niagara and try to row up stream.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies: "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts.

Suppose a man of five or ten or twenty years of evil-doing resolves to do right, why are all the forces of darkness allied against him? He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep to his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing, merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclination pounces upon him like a pack of hounds, all their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the longer fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good, honest, handshaking! Sometimes when you have felt the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

I think, also, that men are often hindered from returning by the fact that churches are anxious about their membership, too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized—whether by sprinkling or immersion—and what kind of a church he is going to join. It is a poor time to talk about Presbyterianism, Catholicism and Episcopal liturgies and Methodist love feasts and Baptist immersions when a man is about to come out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk to him about the nonessentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for Heaven? Oh, you, my brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way, take hold of the same hymn-book with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unriveted and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have and ask Him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rignarole, which is a people's old prayer, made up of

cha and sha and forever and forever amen! Go to God and cry for help.

I remember that in the civil war I was at Antietam, with other members of the Christian commission, to look after the wounded. I went into the hospital after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. It is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms about him and says:

"Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true and cannot believe it and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an affidavit, makes an oath, saying: "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Blessed be God for such Gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," says the wife to the husband, "for there will not be enough to go around for all the children. Cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread and enough to spare! No thin slices on the Lord's table!

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at the time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street hospital was opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men to-night. Please take care of them." From my church there went out 20 or 30 men and women. As the poor, wounded men were brought in no one asked them from what state they came or what was their parentage. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rage most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unwholesome intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the 1,600,000,000 of the race, not one instance. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three, but one.

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grog-shop, urging him to go in, he resisting vehemently, resisting, until, after awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also to seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If he declines to help you, he is not a Christian. Now gather up all your energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all evil influences. A half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said: "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victor.

Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been confined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery crying: "Mother, mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

THE STRENUOUS AMERICAN

He hurries in the morning—grips his coat—looks at his watch—looks at his eyes—He must hurry or there's something that'll break.

Through the day he wildly hurries while the seconds trickle past: With bulging veins he rushes here and there.

As if he feared each moment that arrived would be his last—Too busy to see that the day is fair.

At last he hurries homeward—ah, but not to welcome rest! He grips his dinner down with all his might.

And feverishly hurries from the table to get dressed For the hurry and the bustle of the night.

Oh he hurries in the morning and he hurries through the day, And he misses much that might inspire him.

He hurries till they leave him in his grave and rush away—And hurry to forget about him then.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE HORRIBLE EX-AMPLE OF DEXTER HENDERSON

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY

BEING a suburb, Bonne Terre was of course "aristocratic." What's the use of being a suburbanite unless you can corner and capture that nebulous but brilliant treasure that is so hard to seize in a big, vulgar city—"social standing." How much easier it is to be "one of our best families" in Treemorehurst than in Chicago. And how much more certain is one's tenure of aristocracy there than in the city. All you have to do is to disassociate yourself from trades people, "belong" to things, observe the Sabbath, and play whist with some show of human intelligence.

Having failed to carry out these simple directives Dexter Henderson fell from grace with the elite of Bonne Terre in spite of the lofty position in society long maintained by the rest of the Henderson family. Col. Henderson, a southern gentleman of a somewhat Puritanical turn of mind, who could not afford to send Dexter to college, agreed with some misgivings to allow him a course in the manual training school. That finished, the lusty young fellow begged for his father's permission and influence to get a place for him in some railroad machine shop. The colonel got red as a turkey gobbler at the mere suggestion and gave Dexter to understand that the vulgarity of his ambition was a thorn in the tender side of his aristocratic sire.

In fault of better occupation the youth then fell into the idle ways of the suburban village, than which there is no surer route to damnation. He preferred quoits to whist, he played football on Sunday with an eleven from the glass works, he was on speaking terms with every servant girl in Bonne Terre, and to crown all he was shameless enough to put on a leather apron at Bull Dolan's blacksmith shop and work there whenever the notion struck him. Dolan said the lad was a good smith, but Col. Henderson furiously chewed the ends of his white mustache and thought of the lion that had whelped a wolf. But Dexter pursued his scandalous past unmolested. He matched cocks with the village drunkard, "pulled off" boxing bouts in the Henderson barn, went fishing with Squinty Jones, the barber, and stole a kiss from Harbine's pretty nurse maid in plain view of half a dozen prominent citizens.

The colonel first cut off Dexter's money allowance, then quit speaking to him, and finally ordered him off the place. That fixed forever the young man's "standing" in Bonne Terre, and he was in a fair way to be ostracized by the unanimous respectable element when the Spanish war broke out. Then he did what all well-established scapegraces are naturally expected to do—he enlisted. When the colonel heard the glad tidings he bustled into his study, locked the door and (no, he didn't shed any tears) he got down his bottle of Scotch and "hit it" for three cheers.

Dexter, having no mother to grieve over him, and his two elder sisters being married into the most exclusive society of Bonne Terre, spent little time over his adieux. He lingered longest with old Bull Dolan, to whom, with gentle solicitude, he committed his brindle bull terrier, Squinty Jones, proud of the confidence, became the custodian of Dexter's fighting chickens. The crowd that saw him off on the train was not made up of the select of the village, but as he waved them good-by young Henderson (the unnatural vulgarian) actually felt a jump in his throat and a twist in his heart-strings.

There ought to be a lot of stuff to put in here about how Dexter Henderson distinguished himself in the war, how he charged up San Juan hill and earned his shoulder-straps at Peking in the Chinese invasion. But the trouble is he didn't do any of those things. He just went away and was never heard of for nearly four years. Then one fine morning last spring he hopped off the train at Bonne Terre, roared hellos at everybody in sight, and with a squad of admirers at his heels marched up the street to Dolan's blacksmith shop. Brown and bearded as a Calumet Tartar, broader, healthier, happier than ever, dressed in his dirty khaki, and with nothing better than a sergeant's stripes and an honorable discharge from the army to show that he had been at the front, Dexter yet

looked a hero in the eyes of these vulgar fellows of Bonne Terre. The little group of his admirers, with Squinty Jones and Enoch Huff, the town drunkard, leading, had almost reached the blacksmith shop when somebody said:

"Gilt off the sidewalk, fellows; here comes Col. Henderson."

Dexter saw his father coming. He felt like running away, his face blazed with mingled joy and shame, he paused in the middle of the sidewalk, looking straight at the colonel, and stood still. The men at either side were silently expectant, all in awe of the aristocratic old gentleman, all aware of his harsh attitude toward his boy, and yet all confident that he would take Dexter's hand and give him welcome home. Col. Henderson, the glass of fashion and the mold of form in Bonne Terre, came stately between the open ranks of the men who had helped to make him mayor of the town. He beamed frigidly, raised his silk hat, said "Good mornin', friends," and with just one cold, swift glance at Dexter passed on.

"I guess that didn't include me," laughed the young soldier to Squinty, but the red bronze was gone from his face and for a second the yellow pallor belied his jaunty bearing.

Dexter spent that night with old Bull Dolan.

"A lot of things has happened in Bonne Terre since you left," said the blacksmith when Dexter had told his story. "First, the high-toned gang got together, an', led on an' abetted by Col. Henderson, incorporated the place into a town and began to reform it. Us tradespeople was scared to put up anybody, so the swells put their own in, an' now they're runnin' it. Th' s'loon is gone, they're tax on dogs (yours was shot for not havin' a tag), it's agin th' law for to play anything but bean bag on Sunday, chicken fightin' is a felony, an' as for futbol, I think it's down in the bunks as homicide with malice aforethought. They's a license for everything, and if you work on Sunday you forfeit your license. Sure, the colonel himself revoked my license last week because I put a shoe on Father McGill's horse, though I didn't charge for that same. Now the shop is shut up, and dvel an open will I open agin. I'm goin' to sell it. I'm too old to be workin', an' if I must rest I might as well be off to a real cimmetry."

"Is the glass works inside the town limits?" asked Dexter.

"It is, an' I know what you're thinkin' of," said Bull. "But they's no use tryin' to beat th' 'ristocrats here. We could outvote them all right, but we couldn't get anybody to run."

The conference which followed lasted till the morning birds were crowing. The next day the dingy old sign that had hung for years above Bull Dolan's shop came down and on Saturday a new one went up. It read:

DEXTER HENDERSON, BLACKSMITH AND FARRIER.

That was the beginning of the young rascal's fight for recognition. He had bought the shop with his soldier's back pay, and from the first day he ran it for all it was worth. As the warm days came on he put his anvil out in the little area before the shop, where, all who cared to look could see the red sparks fly from his swiftly ringing strokes. The musk of his hammer was the first to sound, each day, and at night the last to cease. The silk stockings of the town, the good people who were his father's friends, feigned to ignore him, but at their pink teas and sewing circles his name was bandied and his deeds described as the acme of filial impiety and vulgar impertinence.

Meanwhile Dexter plied his trade. His was the only smithy in Bonne Terre, and, revile him as they might, the aristocratic neighbors could not evade his services nor his bills. Col. Henderson, proud gentleman of the old school, smothered his rage and shame, but he never walked on Dexter's side of the street, never looked his way, never mentioned his name. When the time for election came on he was nominated to succeed himself, and there was no thought of opposition. But one night about a week later there was a "mass meeting of citizens" in front of the blacksmith shop, at which Bull Dolan had the audacity to nominate Dexter Henderson as candidate for mayor in opposition to the distinguished and irreproachable incumbent.

The "swagger" voters of the town: laughed first, and then began to count the glass workers, the trades people and other vulgar friends of Dexter, and they then began to look wise and get busy. But it was too late. The colonel never quit sneering when they told him sadly that his son had defeated him by 165 votes. He didn't even wait to fill out his unexpired time in office, but haughtily moved to town, where he now lives in a fashionable club in which he can drink Scotch high-balls in company with other gentlemen of tone without scandalizing their ideas of morality.

The "better element" of Bonne Terre is now petitioning for disincorporation. Dexter Henderson, the blacksmith mayor, continues to gloat them with his banalities, and it is even whispered that he is "keeping company" with Harbine's pretty nurse maid.—John H. Rafferty, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Baltimore's "Little Buttercup."

One of Baltimore's harbor notables is a colored woman who goes out in a boat in all weather to get washing from ships arriving. "She obtains the business," the account says, "and her husband does the washing."

THE WORD "GUERRILLA."

The Term is of Spanish Origin Which Got Into English About a Century Ago.

The word "guerrilla" is of Spanish origin, the diminutive of "guerra," war, and means petty war—that is war carried on by detached parties, says the London Pall Mall Gazette. The word first got into the English language, so far as I can discover, in 1809, when it was used by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward the duke of Wellington. "I have recommended the junta," he says in one of his reports, "to set the guerrillas to work toward Madrid." Two years later Scott got hold of the word. You may find it in "Don Roderick."

"The guerrilla band 'Came like a tempest and avenged the land.'"

And in 1814 Southey was "somewhat afraid of my old guerrilla friends." "Guerrilla" had then acquired its secondary signification. In its primary sense it was used as the equivalent of the Latin velites—the light troops of the skirmishing line of a regular army. G. A. Sala wrote "guerrilla" in 1864, and the Daily Telegraph printed it on April 22. But what is one to say of Thackeray, "Irish Sketchbook," 1843? The word gets a twist there with a vengeance when a "dirty, lazy, doubtful family retainer" is summed up as "a guerrilla footman!"

ROAD THAT HAS NO CURVES.

For Forty-Five Miles the Khartoum Railway in India Runs in a Bee Line.

The Khartoum line leaves Wadi Halfa and goes in a southwesterly direction through the Nubian desert to Abu Hamed, which is 230 miles from Wadi Halfa, says the St. James Budget. The whole of this part of the country is a flat, sandy desert, occasionally a few hills are seen, but seldom exceed 300 feet in height, and most of them are only from 80 to 100 feet above the surrounding country. Some idea of the extraordinary flatness of the country, says Engineering, may be gathered from the fact that it was possible to lay a piece of line 45 miles long without a single curve in it, and without any cuttings or embankments worthy of the name. It very rarely rains at all in this part of the desert, and when it does very little seems to fall at a time. There are no streams or surface water of any sort. Water was found in two places between Wadi Halfa and Abu Hamed by sinking wells; one place was 77 miles from Wadi Halfa and the other was 126 miles from Halfa. Water was found at the former place at a depth of 72 feet and at the latter place at a depth of 95 feet. Several other places have been tried, but so far no water has been found.

WILL NOT INSURE CUBANS.

They Must Learn to Live Like Americans Before They Can Be Eligible.

A Cuban who applied for insurance from a local company the other day almost wept when told by the examining physician that he could not insure him, but that he should call again in about two years. The agents had assured the Cuban that he would be a first-class risk. In despair he went to New York and confided his woes to an old friend, who is the head of the firm for which he is the Philadelphia representative, says the Times of that city. The friend said:

"Since the Spanish war, when so many young men from Cuba and Porto Rico have come here to engage in trade, I have seen scores of cases like yours. You are killing yourself by insisting on living in Philadelphia as you did in Havana. Persons who come to the United States to live, no matter from what part of the world, must make certain concessions to climate. You drink as much black coffee and smoke as many cigarettes here as you did at home. Very well, it will kill you if you keep it up. Your insurance man probably thought you were consumptive. Stop living like a Cuban in Philadelphia; eat, drink and smoke as men there do, and I will guarantee you an insurance policy in less than two years."

HAVE TO BE ON TIME.

Why Suburbanites Are So Particular About the Accuracy of Their Watches.

"Before I became a suburbanite," said a man who recently moved out of town, according to the Philadelphia Record, "I used to note with considerable amusement the crowds of people who every day would compare their watches with the official timepiece to be found in front of several Chestnut street jewelry stores. I used to regard them as cranks when they would say to each other: 'Right on the dot,' or draw long faces over a difference of a fraction of a minute. For my part I was satisfied if my watch kept decently good time, and never bothered my head over a matter of five minutes or so out of the way."

"I have since discovered that the people I used to think were cranks are really suburbanites, with trains to think about. It hasn't taken me long to discover the importance of having a watch exactly right, and after having missed several trains I myself have joined the crowds around the places where the official time is kept."

A Queen's Woe.

Queen Wilhelmina's husband is being accused of treating her cruelly, and the Chicago Record-Herald thinks he probably takes a mean delight in telling her, when others are around, that she wouldn't give him a chance to get away.